



*Here in the rich the honour'd, sum'd and great:
See the false scale of Happiness complete ~*



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See the false scale of Happiness complete ~*

ETHIC EPISTLES.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE Esq;



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ETHIC

EPISTLES

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ALEXANDER POPE



LONDON

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~~THE Thompsons have been~~

AN

ESSAY on MAN,

Being the FIRST BOOK of

ETHIC EPISTLES.

blowing up bubbles with a straw, from a small portion of water broken out of it in a tiny dish; admirably representing the vain

H. ST. JOHN L. BOLINGBROKE, and

Wells and Unsubstantiated
Denial - Understanding is limited to the

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Frontispiece hereto prefixed, designed and drawn by Mr. POPE himself, represents the Vanity of human Glory, in the false pursuits of Happiness: Where the Ridicule, in the Curtain-cob-web, the Death's-head crown'd with laurel, and the several inscriptions on the fastidious ruins of Rome, have all the force and beauty of one of his best wrote Satires: Nor is there less expression in the bearded Philosopher sitting by a fountain running to waste, and blowing up bubbles with a straw, from a small portion of water taken out of it in a dirty dish; admirably representing the vain business of School-Philosophy, that, with a little artificial logic, sits inventing airy arguments in support of false science, while the human Understanding is suffered to lie waste and uncultivated.

THE DESIGN.

DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to men's business and customs*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his Nature and his State: since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its Being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few, clear points; there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the Wits than the Hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is steering betwixt doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming, out of all, a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way, than in prose it-

self; and nothing is truer than that much of the force, as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compel a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of MAN, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extents, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry, and more susceptible of ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage; to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, would be a task more agreeable.

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ETHIC EPISTLES,

The First Book.

To H. ST. JOHN L. BOLINGBROKE:

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man what see we, but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known;
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce;

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs,

25

What other planets circle other suns,

What varied being peoples ev'ry star,

May tell why heaven has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies,

30

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee ?

Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou find, 35

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind !

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less !

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess

That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises, rise in due degree ;

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man ;

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, " If God has plac'd him wrong ? " 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call ;

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;

In God's, one single can its end produce ; 55

Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps

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3

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God :
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
His actions', passions', being's use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ; 70
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
It to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state,
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;
Or who could suffer being here below ? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n.
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble bursts, and now a world. 90

A 2

Hope

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher death, and God adore !
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast : 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest :
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold !
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If man alone ingross not heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ; 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God !

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

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5

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,

125

Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel ;

And who but wishes to invert the laws

Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal cause.

130

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,

Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :

" For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,

" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;

" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew

135

" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;

" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;

" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;

" Seas roll to waft me, suns, to light me, rise ;

" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies. "

140

But errs not nature from this gracious end,

From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty cause

145

" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;

" Th'exceptions few, some change since all began,

" And what created perfect ? " --- Why then Man ?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ?

150

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of man's desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,

155

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?

Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
 Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind;
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170

The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more:
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own; 185
 Is heav'n unkind to man, and Man alone?

VER. 182. *Here with degrees, &c.*] It is a certain
 axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion
 as they are form'd for strength, their swiftness is less-
 ened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their
 strength is abated.

Shall

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Shall he alone whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

This bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind;

190

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,

But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

195

T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

Or touch, if, tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,

Die of a rose in aromatic pain?

200

If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,

And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,

How would he wish that heav'n had left him still

The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?

Who finds not providence all good and wise,

205

Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,

The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:

Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,

From the green myriads in the peop'd grass:

210

What modes of fight between each wide extreme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,

And hound sagacious on the tainted green:

VER. 213. ---the headlong lioness---] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: at their first going out in the night time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215

To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood;

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,

From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew: 220

How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,

Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine.

'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier;

For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and reflection how ally'd; 225

What thin partitions sense from thought divide:

And middle natures how they long to join,

Yet never pass th'insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be

Subjected these to those, or all to thee? 230

The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,

Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

See thro' the air, this ocean, and this earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high progressive life may go! 235

Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being, which from God began,

Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,

No glass can reach! from infinite to thee, 240

From thee to nothing---On superior pow'rs

Were we to press, inferior might on ours:

Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd: 245

From nature's chain whatever link you strike,

Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,

Alike essential to th'amazing whole;

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9

The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod, 255
And nature tremble to the throne of God :
All this dread ORDER break---for whom? for thee
Vile worm!---Oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains, 265
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th'æthereal frame, 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know

Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. ----In this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ; 290
All discord, harmony, not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good :
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, " Whatever is, IS RIGHT. "

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

K NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;

The proper study of Mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great :

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,

With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest,

In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast ;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer,

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much :

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;

Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;

Created half to rise, and half to fall ;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where science guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;

Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,

To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;

Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,

And quitting sense call imitating God ;

As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,

And turn their heads to imitate the sun.

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule---

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior

Superior beings when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art: 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undoe.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride,
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress, 45
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain:
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain:
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excrecent parts:
Of all, our vices have created arts: 50
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call; 55
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

EP. II. ETHIC EPISTLES. 13

Or, meteor-like, flame-lawless thro' the void, 65
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the Moving principle requires;
Active it's task, it prompts, impels, inspires,
Sedate and quiet the Comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise, 70
Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend:
Attention, habit and experience gains,
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle school-men teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite,
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit:
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire
But greedy That its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
Pleasure, or wrong of rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming moves them all;
But since not every good we can divide, 95
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under reason, and deserve her care;

Those

Those, that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and softned, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
These mix'd with art and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind : 120
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

EP. II. ETHIC EPISTLES.

15

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease, that must subdue at length 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
So cast, and mingled with his very frame, (strength :
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul, 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part,

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ; 145
Wit, spirit, faculties but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour ;
We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey, 150
Ah ! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out, 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard :
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends,

Like

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or ~~of~~ (more strong than all) the love of ease ; 170
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th'Eternal art, educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this passion our best principle ;
 'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear, 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind : 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave :
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd ;
 Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine. 200

EP. II. ETHIC EPISTLES.

17

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 205
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the others bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, or unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where th'extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North! at York, 'tis on the Tweed:
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where:
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n those who dwell beneath it's very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th'extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best fits, what they despise.

'Tis

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill, 235
 For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
 But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole :
 That counter-works each folly and caprice ;

That disappoints th'effect of ev'ry vice : 240

That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :

That virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245

Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250

Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie :
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255

Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign :

Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265

The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;

The

EP. II. ETHIC EPISTLES.

19

The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite ;

275

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er !

280

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,

285

And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;

290

Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE

B 2

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest : " The Universal Cause
" Acts to one end, but acts by various laws. "
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day ; 5
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.

See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend, 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one center still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20

Nothing is foreign : parts relate to whole ;
One-all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made beast in aid of Man, and Man of beast ;
All serv'd, all serving ! nothing stands alone ; 25
The chain holds on, and, where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings :
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note :
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride :
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain :
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer : 40
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know nature's children all divide her care,
 The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use ! "
 " See man for mine ! " replies a pamper'd goose ; 46
 And just as short of reason must he fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul,
 Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole : 50
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps, another creatures wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ? 55
 Or hears the hawk when philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pasture, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th'extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch etherial slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er ! 70

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end ;
 To Man imparts it ; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle ! that heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ; 80
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full instinct is th'unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside ?
 Reason however able, cool at best, 85
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer ;
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,
 While still too wide or short is human wit ; 90
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, reason never long ;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.

VER. 68. Several of the ancients, and many of the
 orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by
 lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites
 of Heaven.

See

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.

23

See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95

One in their nature, which are two in ours,

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,

In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food ? 100

Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,

Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?

Who made the spider parallels design,

Sure as De-moiyre, without rule or line ?

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105

Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before ?

Who calls the council, states the certain day,

Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds : 110

But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,

On mutual wants built mutual happiness :

So from the first eternal ORDER ran,

And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.

Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115

Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth ; one nature feeds

The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.

Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,

Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120

Each loves itself, but not itself alone,

Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;

They love themselves, a third time, in their race.

Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125

The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,

There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;

The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds another race. 139

A longer care, Man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love ;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135

Each virtue in each passion takes it's turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140

The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age.
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd, 145
Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;
The state of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150

Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :

The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160

Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;

Who

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.

25

Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own,
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
 See him from nature rising flow to art !
 To copy instinct then was reason's part ; 170
 Thus then to Man the voice of nature spake-----
 " Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
 " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 " Learn from the beasts the phyfic of the field ;
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
 " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 " Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let reason, late, instruct Mankind : 180
 " Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 " There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 " The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 " And anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

VER. 177. Oppian. Halieut. lib. 1. describes this fish in the following manner : " They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship ; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail ; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean. "

" Mark

" Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fixt as fate. 190

" In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle justice in her net of law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195

" Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 " And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

Great nature spoke ; observant men obey'd ;
 Cities were built, societies were made : 200

Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and nature law.
 Thus states were form'd ; the name of King unknown,
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in One. 210

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.

'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch fate,
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state ; 216
 On him, their second providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th'abyss profound,
 Or fetch th'aërial eagle to the ground.

'Till

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27

'Till drooping, sik'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man :
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
 One great first father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son,
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple reason never sought but one : 230
 E'er wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod,
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th'allegiance then ; 235
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th'enormous faith of many made for one ;
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T'invert the world, and counter-work its cause ?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ; 245
 'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made :
 She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's found,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray (ground,
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ; 255
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;

Gods

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not charity became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th'etherial vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the flamen tasted living food, 265
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood :
 With heav'n's own thunder shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 285
 The Faith, and Moral, nature gave before ;
 Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindl'd new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught pow'rs due use to people and to kings.
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The

The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too,
 'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th'according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295
 From order, union, full consent of things !
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one point, and to one center bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, Lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd, is best :
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th'embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun :
 So two consistent motions act the soul ; 315
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

O H HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim ;
Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'er look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
Where grows ?--where grows it not ?--If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where ;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN ! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, That happiness is happiness ?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;
All states can teach it, and all heads conceive ; 30

Obvious

EP. IV. ETHIC EPISTLES.

31

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, the Universal Cause
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ; "
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd.

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink ;
Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is heav'n's first law ; and this is best.
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from this
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness :

But mutual wants this happiness increase.
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.

In who obtain defence, or who defend
In him who is, or him who finds a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the race
One common blessing, as one common care.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possess
And each were equal, must not all be less.

32

If then to all Men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content. 65

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy thole ;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear : 70
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

O sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise. 75

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God or nature meant to mere Mankind ;
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone, 80
And peace, oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain,
But these who taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85

Which of the most, that take wrong means, or right ?
Which of the most, that take wrong means, or right ?

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See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust ! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY ! sunk thee to the grave ?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honor, lives the fire ?
 Why drew Marseille's good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sicken'd and each gale was death ?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me ? 110
 What makes all physical or moral ill ?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will,
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
 Of partial ill is universal good.
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall, 115
 Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his low'd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak prince, th'Eternal cause
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws ?
 Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
 On air or sea new motions be impress ; 125
 Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
 Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
 For Charters' head reserve the hanging wall ? 130
 But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have !

A kingdom of the just then let it be :
 But first consider how those just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care ; 135
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him instrument of hell ;
 If Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries, there is, and that, there is no God. 140
 What flocks one part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
 " Whatever is, is RIGHT. " --- This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar --- but for Titus too : 146
 And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?
 " But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed. "
 What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ? 150
 That vice may merit ; 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent, 155
 Nor is his claim to plenty but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ? (pow'r ? "
 " No --- shall the good want health, the good want
 Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing ;
 " Why bounded pow'r ? why private ? why no king ? "
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n ? 161
 Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give :
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ; 165
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?

What

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize : a better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach and fix, 105
 Justice a conq'rors sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit, its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man ! will heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The boy and man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife :
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires for a god-like mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing :
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty one !

To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
 Content or pleasure, but the good and just ?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear ;
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 " What differ more (you cry) the crown and cowl ?
 I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool. 200

You'll

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings. 206
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece ;
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards ? 215
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies ?
 " Where, but among the heroes and the wise ? "
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make, an enemy of all Mankind !
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise, 225
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak,
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great : 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.**37**

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed **235**

Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own. **240**

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead,
Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine, **245**
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave, **250**

When that t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs **255**
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;

And more true joys Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superiour what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? **260**

'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own;

Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge
Without a second or without a judge:

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? **265**
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful preheminance! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
 Make fair deductions, see to what they mount. 270
 How much of other each is sure to cost,
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things they envy call, 275
 Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To figh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy :
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife : 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy ! those to ruin, these betray, 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold,
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Or wealth ill fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,

The

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzl'd with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

Know then this truth, (enough for Man to know)
 " Virtue alone is happiness below. " 310

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315

And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,

And but more-relish'd as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears, 320

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.

Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;

Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;

Never dejected while another's blest'd ;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325

Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See ! the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow ;

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know ;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find :

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 330

But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God ;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;

Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335

But touches some above, and some below :

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN. 340

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul,
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees, why nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown ;

Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain but what they seek they find,

Wife is her present ; she connects in this,
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss, 350

At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

Is this too little for thy boundless heart ? 355

Extend it, let thine enemies have part :

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,

In one close system of benevolence :

Happier as kinder in whate'er degree,

And height of bliss is height of charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts ; but human soul

Must rise from Individual to the Whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365

Another still, and still another spreads,

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,

His country next, and next all human race.

Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind ;

Earth

EP. IV. ETHIC EPISTLES.

41

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along,
Oh master of the poet, and the song !

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375

To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,

To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer

From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;

380

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,

Intent to reason, or polite to please.

Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name

Expanded flies, and gather all its fame,

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,

385

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,

Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,

Shall then this verse to future age pretend

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ? 390

That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art

From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;

For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ;

Shew'd erring pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT ;**

That **REASON, PASSION**, answer one great aim ; 395

That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same ;

That **VIRTUE** only makes our bliss below ;

And all our Knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW.**

The End of the first Book.

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THE
SECOND BOOK.
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententiæ, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures ;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ ;
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò -----*

HOR.

Hor.

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ETHIC

ETHIC EPISTLES,

The SECOND BOOK.

EPISTLE I.

To Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, L. Viscount
COBHAM.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind ;
Tho' what he learns, he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake ;
To written wisdom, as another's, less :
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain ; 15
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein :
Shall only Man be taken in the gross ;
Grant but as many sorts of minds, as moss.

VER. 18. There are above 300 sorts of moss observed by naturalists.

D

That

That each from other differs, first confess ;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less : 20
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Yet more ; the diff'rence is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
 All manners take a tincture from our own, 25
 Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shewn,
 Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds ?
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds ? 30
 Life's stream for observation will not stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
 In vain sedate reflexions we wou'd make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
 On human actions reason tho' you can, 35
 It may be reason, but it is not man ;
 His principle of action once explore,
 That instant, 'tis his principle no more ;
 Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect. 40

Oft in the passions' wild rotation tost,
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.
 As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought ;
 Something, as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus perhaps the cause of all we do. 50

In vain the grave, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th'apparent What conclude the Why,
 Infer

EP. I. ETHIC EPISTLES.

51

Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if fortune, or a mistress frowns, 55
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns ;
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state :
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field. 60

Not always actions shew the Man ; we find,
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind ;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the East.
Not therefore humble, he who seeks retreat, 65
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed, like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies. 70

But grant that actions best discover Man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can :
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree ? 75
Suppress them, or miscale them policy ?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain, rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd. 80

Ask why from Britain, Cæsar made retreat ?
Cæsar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk ?
The mighty Czar might answer, he was drunk.

D 2

But

VER. 60. CHARLES V.

PHILIP II.

But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove, 85
One action, conduct, one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn ;
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still ;
A gown-man learn'd ; a bishop, what you will : 90
Wise, if a minister, but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.
In life's low vale, (the soil, the virtues like) 95

They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger efforts of his power,
And always set the gem above the flow'r. 100

'Tis education forms the vulgar mind ;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire,
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar :
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave ; 105
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave :
Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of pow'r ;
A quaker ? sly, a presbyterian ? sour ;
A smart free thinker ? all things in an hour.

True, some are open and to all men known ; 110
Others so very close, they're hid from none :
(So darkness fills the eye no less than light)

Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight ;
And every child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole. 115

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.

When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
Who but detests th'endearments of Courtine? 120.

While one there is, who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find,
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind.

Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
Or affectations quite reverse the soul. 125

The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy,
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lye.

Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wise,
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout; 130

Alone, in company; in place, or out:

Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;

Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;

Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;

Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall, 135

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,

Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave;

Save just at dinner----then prefers, no doubt,

A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert? 140

His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,

His comprehensive head; all int'rests weigh'd,

All Europe fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

He thanks you not; his pride was in piquette,

New market fame, and judgment at a bett, 145

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,

Hemm'd round with glories, piffer cloth or bread,

As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought.

Now save a people, and now save a groat.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron?)

Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon? 150

A perjur'd prince, a leaden saint revere ?
 A god less regent tremble at a star !
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
 Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit ? 155
 Europe, a woman, child, or dotard rule ;
 And just her ablest monarch made a fool ?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same ;
 In Man, the judgement shoots at flying game ;
 A bird of passage ! lost as soon as found ; 160
 Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground !

Ask mens opinions : Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
 Strike off his pension by the setting-sun,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone. 165

Manners with fortunes, humour, change with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Judge we by nature ? habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place :
 By actions ? those uncertainty divides : 170

By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
 Affections ? they still take a wider range :
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change ?

'Tis in the Ruling-passion : there alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known, 175
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;

Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest ;
 The prospect clears and, Clodio stands confess.

VER. 152. *A perjur'd prince, &c.* Lewis XI. of France

VER. 155, &c. Victor Amadeo II. King of Sardinia,
 who resign'd his crown to his son, and afterwards be-
 ing inclined to resume it, was imprison'd till he died.

Clodio

EP. I. ETHIC EPISTLES.**55**

Clodio the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling-passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him, Master of the joke. 185
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully, and a Willmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough if all around him but admire, 190
And now the punk applaud, and now the fry'r.
Thus with each gift of nature, and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt: 195
His passion, still to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel-tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wise his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state!
And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great! 205
Ask you why Clodio broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear, the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well-known, no miracles remain;
Comets are regular, and Clodio plain.
Yet in the search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If second qualities for first they take:
When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,

In this the lust, in that the avarice,
 Were means, not ends : ambition was the vice. 215
 That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise :
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th'observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion, man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this : it sticks to our last sand : 225
 Consistent in our follies, and our sins,
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace,
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Crawl thro' the street, shov'd on, or rudely press'd 230
 By his own sons that pass him by un-blest'd !
 Still to his wench he creeps on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate :
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late. 235
 Mercy ? crys Helluo, mercy on my soul,
 Is there no hope ? alas ! then bring the jowl.

" Odious ! in woolen ! 'twould a saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

" No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace 240

" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :

" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead--

" And, Betty ! give this cheek a little red."

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And blunder on in business to the last ; 245

As weak as earnest ; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanes' brow dancing in the gout.

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd,
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
" If---where I'm going,---I could serve you, fir."

" I give, and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, fir ? " My money, fir ! what, all ?
" Why---if I must---(then wept) I give it Paul." 255
The manner, fir ? " The manner ! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that, I cannot part with that"---and dy'd.

And you ! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling-Passion strong in death :
Such in those moments as in all the past, 260
" O save my country, heav'n ! " shall be your last.

VER. 247. An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health, and dispel her grief by dancing. The rest of these instances are strictly true, tho' the persons are not named.

EPISTLE II.

To a LADY.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
“ Most Women have no characters at all. ”
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5
All how unlike each other, all how true !
Arcadia's countess here in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side :
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
Is there a naked Leda with a swan ; 10

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine ;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
If folly grows romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, e'er she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sapho's di'monds with her dirty smock ;
Or Sapho, at her toilet's greazy task, 25
And issuing flagrant to an evening mask :
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun,

How

EP. II. ETHIC EPISTLES.

59

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend,
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend : 30
To her Calisto proved her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure, Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
All eyes may see---a pimple on her nose.

Papillia wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades --- " How charming is a park ! "
A park is purchas'd ; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears--- " Oh odious, odious trees ! " 40

Ladies, like variegated tulips show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
Such happy spots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus Calypso once our hearts alarm'd, 45
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd ;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wife ;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly ; and was just not mad ; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tollerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer, 55
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare,
Gave alms at Easter in a christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare, good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born ? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame !

Now

Now deep in Taylor and the book of martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his grace and Charters.
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns ; 65
 And atheism and religion take their turns ;
 A very heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad good christian at her heart.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray,
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ; 70
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give
 The mighty blessing, " while we live to live."
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ! 75
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise fool ! with pleasures too refin'd to please,
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease,
 With too much quickness ever to be taught,
 With too much thinking to have common thought :
 Who purchase pain with all that joy can give. 81
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits ; and look on Simo's mate ;
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate ;
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends, 85
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends :
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion, or a pray'r :
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
 Cries, oh how charming if there's no such place ! 90
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit, 95
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

Pictures like these, (dear madam) to design,
 Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right: 100
 For how should equal colours do the knack,
 Camelions who can paint in white and black?

* In public stations men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone:
 Our bolder talents in full view display'd, 105
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 Where none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
 Each is a sort of virtue, and of vice. 110

In men, we various ruling passions find
 In women, two almost divide the kind,
 Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasures and the love of sway.

That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is still to please, can pleasure seem a fault? 116
 Experience, this: by Man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
 But every woman is, at heart, a rake: 120

* Between this and the former lines, and also in
 some following parts, a want of connection may be
 perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain ex-
 amples and illustrations of the maxims laid down,
 which may put the reader in mind of what the author
 has said in his imitation of Horace,

*Publish the present age, but where the taste
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next.*

Men

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means.

In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage, 125

As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;

No thought of peace or happiness at home.

But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,

As hard a science to the fair as great ! 130

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,

Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone :

Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,

Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue, 135

Still out of reach, yet never out of view,

Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,

To covet flying, and regret when lost :

At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,

It grows their age's prudence to pretend : 140

Asham'd to own they gave delight before,

Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :

As Hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spight,

So these their merry miserable night ;

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide, 145

And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !

A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards,

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

Young without lovers, old without a friend, 150

A sop their passion, but their prize a sot,

Alive, ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah friend ! to dazzle let the vain design,

To raise the thought and touch the heart, be thine !

That

EP. II. ETHIC EPISTLES. 63

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing. 156
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the fight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines. 160

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day ;
 She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
 Who never answers till a husband cools, 165
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ;
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ; 170
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can 175
 Its last, best work, but forms a softer man ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest,
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools. 180
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride,
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
 Shakes all together, and produces----you.

Ev'n such is woman's fame : with this un-blest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest. 186
 This Phœbus promis'd, (I forget the year,)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;

Ascendent

Ascendent Phoebus watch'd that hour with care,
 Averted half your parent's simple pray'r,
 And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself:
 The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
 Kept dross for ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it, 195
 To you gave ſenſe, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III

To the Rt. Honourable

ALLEN Lord BATHURST,

WH O shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of heav'n,
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground;
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to it's fire the sun,
Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,
To squander, some, and some to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last;
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres and the devil.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq; Mem-
ber of parliament, being prosecuted by the duchess of
Buckingham

What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows :
 But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve.

What

Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete 50 000 *l.* of that director's estate, forfeited to the S. S. company by act of parliament. The company recovered the 50 000 *l.* against Ward, but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be 150 000 *l.* These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman, at the several eras of his life ; at his standing in the pillory, he was worth above 200 000 *l.* at his commitment to prison, he was worth 150 000 but has since been so far diminish'd in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by 50 or 60 000 *l.*

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vice. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment, for a cheat ; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due ; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants and follies of

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.

67

What nature wants, (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust;
And if we count among the needs of life
Another's toil, why not another's wife?

Useful

of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardon'd, but the last time, not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot

The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,

PERSISTED

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,

In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;

Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPocrisy:

His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,

His matchless IMPUDENCE from the last.

Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating Pravity
of his Manners, then successful in

Accumulating WEALTH;

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,

Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,

And without BRIBE-WORTHY service,

He acquired, or more properly created,

A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only person of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,

Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires :

30

Trade it may help, society extend ;

But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend :

It raises armies in a nation's aid,

But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

Oh ! that such bulky bribes as all might see

35

Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy !

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,

If secret gold saps on from knave to knave.

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,

With all their brandies, or with all their wines ?

40

Retain his primæval MEANNESS when possess'd of

TEN THOUSAND a year,

And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,

Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh indignant reader !

Think not his life useless to mankind !

PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable designs,

To give to after-ages a conspicuous

PROOF, and EXAMPLE,

Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH

in the sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on

The most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was worth 7,000 l. a year estate in land, and about 100,000 l. in money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity ; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deserr'd till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly.

What

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.

69

What could they more than knights and squires con-
Or water all the quorum ten miles round? found,

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil?

" Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil :

" Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door : 45

" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find,

Nor could profusion squander all, in kind.

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,

And Worldly crying coals from street to street. 50

(Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd)

Had Colpeper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His grace will game : to White's a bull be led, 55

With spurning heels, and with a butting head :

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,

Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.

VER. 50. Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth 10 000 l. another 7 000 l. a year.

VER. 53. SIR WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart. a person of an ancient family and ample fortune, without any other quality of a gentleman, who after ruining himself at the gaming-table, pass the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep? 60
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 O filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nations last great trade, quadrille!

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak 65
 From the crackt bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
 Blest paper-credit! that advanc'd to high,
 Now lends corruption lighter wings to fly! 70
 Gold, imp'd with this, can compels hardest things,
 Can pocket states, or fetch or carry kings;
 A single leaf can waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore;

VER. 65. ---- *beneath the patriot's cloak.*] This is a true story which happened in the reign of King William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

VER. 72. ---- *fetch or carry kings.*] In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The Partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

VER. 74. *Or ship off senates to some distant shore.*] Alludes to several ministers, counsellors and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

A leaf, like Sybil's, scatters to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow ;
Pregnant with thousands fits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come, take it as we find it, gold and all! 80

What riches give us, let us first inquire ;
Meat, fire and clothes. What more? meat, clothes and
Is this too little? would you more than live? (fire.

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas 'tis more than (all his visions past) 85

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?

Can

VER. 84. TURNER.] One who being posselt of
300 000 £. laid down his coach because interest was re-
duced from 5 to 4 per Cent. and then put 70 000 in-
to the charitable corporation for better interest: which
sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he
kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would
not have out-lived it, but that he was heir to another
considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that
by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other
expences.

VER. 86. Unhappy WHARTON!] A nobleman
of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application
of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his
character in the first epistle of the second book.

VER. 87. HOPKINS.] A citizen whose rapacity
obtained him the name of Vultur Hopkins. He lived
worthless, but died worth 300 000 £. which he would
give to no person living, but left it so as not to be in-
herited till after the second generation. His council
representing to him how many years it must be before

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below
 Or heal, old Narces, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
 They might, (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that:
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat:
 To some indeed, heav'n grants the happier fate
 To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards let aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

VER. 88. *JAPHET, nose and ears.*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceas'd. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

VER. 98. *Die, and endow a college or a cat.*] A famous duchess of Richmond in her last will, left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.

Perhaps

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part,
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
 That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool":
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with lifted eyes) 105
 "The wretch he starves"--- and piously denies.
 But rev'rend SUTTON with a softer air,
 Admits, and leaves them, providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself: 110
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides,
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
 Who suffer thus, meer charity should own
 Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown:
 Some war, some plague, some famine they foresee, 115
 Some revelation, hid from you and me.
 Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

VER. 102. BOND damns the poor----

*But reverend SUTTON with a softer air,
 Admits, and leaves them providence's care.*

In the year 1730, a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the charitable corporation. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Dennis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers who were members of the house, were expelled. That "God hates the poor, and That every man in
 "want is knave, or fool, &c." were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

What

What made directors cheat in south-sea year?

To live on ven'son when it sold so dear. 120

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?

Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?

Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the world's respect for gold, 125

And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,

And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,

To just three millions stinted modest Gage. 130

But

VER. 120. *To live on ven'son.*] In the extravagance and luxury of the S. sea year, the price of a haunch of venison, was from three to five pounds.

VER. 122. *---A general excise.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which 'tis not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

VER. 125. *Wife Peter.*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of; except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any *Ambition*, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 128. *Rome's great Didius.*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 129. *The crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold,

Congenial souls I, whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much injur'd Blunt I why bears he Britain's hate?

A Wizard told him in these words our fate. 136

"At length Corruption, like a general flood,

"(So long by watchful ministers withstood)

"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,

"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun. 140

"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,

"Peerefs and butler share alike the box,

"The judge shall job, the bishop bite the town,

"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.

"See Britain sunk in Lucre's fordid charms, (arms, I"

"And France reveng'd of ANN's and EDWARD's.

No.

in the time of the Mississippi despised to realize above 300 000 l. The gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

VER. 135. *Much injured Blunt, &c.*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the south-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned, is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury

No mean court-badge, great scriv'ner ! fir'd thy brain,
No lordly luxury, nor city gain :

No, 'twas thy righteous end, (asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,

150

And nobly wishing party-rage to cease)
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

" All this is madness, " cries a sober sage :

But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?

" The ruling passion, be it what it will,

155

" The ruling passion conquers reason still. "

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,

Than even that passion, if it has no aim ;

For tho' such motives folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all.

160

Hear then the truth : " Tis heav'n each passion sends,

" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends,

" Extremes in nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in man concur to general use. "

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?

165

That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow ;

Bids seed time, harvest, equal course maintain,

Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain ;

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th'eternal wheels to know their rounds.

170

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;

ury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the
misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent
against avarice in great and noble persons, of which he
had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He
died in the year 1732.

This

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.

77

This year, a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next, a fountain spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him, till they burst.

175

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune, and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot ?
His court with nettles, moat with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and fallads, blest his board.
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

180

Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before ;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from providence ?
Like some lone chartreuse stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round ;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steed another way :

185

Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the fav'd candle, and unopening door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

195

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right :
For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.

200

Whole slaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine !

Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause :

205

'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.

The

The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The Sylvans groan-----no matter----for the fleet. 210
 Next goes his wool-----to clothe our valiant bands,
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

To court he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils? 215
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils.

In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220

Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;

To balance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with oeconomy, magnificence,

With splendour, charity; with plenty, health; 225

Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!

That secret rare, between th' extremes to move

Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

To want, or worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,

And ease, or emulate, the care of heav'n. 230

Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,

Mends fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,

As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:

In heaps, like ambergrease, a stink it lies, 235

But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?

The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon,

Without a fidler, flatterer, or buffoon? 240

Whose table, wit or modest merit share,

Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?

Who

EP. III. ETHIC EPISTLES.

79

Who copies yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he thines, oh fortune gild the scene, 245
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger, e're it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise honest muse, and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
The MAN of ROSS, each lisping babe replies,
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:

VER. 243. -----OXFORD's better part.] Edward Harley earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created earl of Oxford, and earl Mortimer by Q. Anne.

VER. 250 -----The MAN of ROSS.] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost, (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross*, giv'n him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

Behold

Behold yon alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate ;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest,
 Is any sick ? the MAN of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives. 270
 Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
 Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attornies, now an useless race,
 " Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue 275
 " What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.
 " Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
 " What mines, to swell that boundless charity ?"
 Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man posselt----five hundred pounds a year. 280
 Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts withdraw your
 Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays. (blaze !
 " And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?
 " His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?
 Who builds a church to God, and not to fame, 285
 Will never mark the marble with his name :
 Go search it there *, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor, makes all the history ;
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between ;
 Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end ;
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands :

* The parish register.

That

Behold

That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
 Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend,
 And see, what comfort it affords our end!

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung;
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flockbed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies---Alas! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimick statesmen, and their merry king, 310
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?"
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise and tell me, was thy death more blest?

VER. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] Ri-
 dicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on
 busto's, of which there are several vile examples a-
 mong the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

VER. 305. George Villers, Duke of Buckingham,
 who died in this manner.

Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want ; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want ; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
 " Virtue ! and wealth ! what are ye but a name ? "
 Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd ? 335
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward ?
 That knotty point, my lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale ?---A tale---it follows thus.
 Where London's column pointing at the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes : 340
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth---
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
 Constant at church, and change ; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
 The dev'l was piqu'd, such saintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old : 350
 But satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

VER. 339. *Where London's column.*] The monument built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the papists.

Rouz'd;

Rouz'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
 And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes :
 " Live like yourself, " was soon my lady's word ;
 And lo ! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a gem away :
 He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
 So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 " I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,
 " Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
 " And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time : the work he ply'd ;
 Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side ; 370
 Till all the dæmon makes his full descent,
 In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit.
 What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
 And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn,
 His compting-house employ'd the sunday-morn ; 380
 Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one christmas tide
 My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
 A nymph of quality admires our knight ; 385
 He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :

Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
 First, for his son a gay commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies. 390
 His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
 She bears a coronet and p---x for life.
 In Britain's senate he a feat obtains,
 And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
 My lady falls to play : so bad her chance, 395
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
 The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
 The court forsakes him, and Sir Balaam hangs :
 Wife, son, and daughter, satan, are thy own ;
 His wealth yet dearer, forfeit to the crown : 400
 The devil and the king divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

VER. 358. *And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.*

---atque unum civem donare Sybillæ. Juv.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON.

T Is strange, the miser should his cares employ,
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats,

Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :

He buys for Topham, drawings and designs,

For Fountain, statues, and for Pembroke, coins,

Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,

And books for Mead, and rarities for Sloane.

Think we all these are for himself ! no more

Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?

Only to show, how many tastes he wanted,

What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?

Some Dæmon whisper'd " Visto ! have a taste. "

Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,

And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

VER. 7. *Topham.*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

VER. 10. *And books for Mead, and rarities for Sloane.*] Two eminent physicians ; The one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities ; both men of great learning and humanity.

See ! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide : 20

A standing sermon at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You shew us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.

Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;

Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;

Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ; 30

Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,

Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front :

Or call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40

Something there is, more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste----'Tis sense :

Good sense, which only is the gift of heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven :

A light which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

VER. 23. The E. of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

VER. 36. A door or window so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others.

VER. 46. Inigo Jones the celebrated architect, and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens of France.

To

EP. IV. ETHIC EPISTLES.

87

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrass, or to sink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50

But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide;
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious hills the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale; 60
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints, as you plant, and as you work, designs.

Begin with sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at----perhaps a *Strow*. 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! *COBHAM* comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, 75
You'll wish your hill, or shelter'd feat again.

Behold

VER. 70. The seat and gardens of the L. Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

VER. 75. *Or cut wide views thro' mountains.*] This

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete,
 His arbours darken, his espaliers meet,
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light ;
 A waving glow his bloomy beds display, 81
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er---
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more ;
 Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield, 85
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods, how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
 With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet. 90
 His son's fine taste an op'ner Vista loves,
 Foe to the dryads of his father's groves,
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews ;

was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5 000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the North-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

VER. 93. The two extremes in Parterre, which are equally faulty, a boundless green, large and naked as a field ; or as a flourished carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds of which the examples are frequent.

VER. 94.---*mournful family of yews.*] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of evergreens (particularly yews which are the most tonfile) as to destroy the nobler forest trees, to make way for such little ornaments, as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

The

The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those allies they were born to shade.

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What fams are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air;
Soft and agreeable come never there.

Greatness with Timon, dwells in such a draught,
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down;
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees?

A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze,
Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around!

The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground,
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind

Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,

On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall
No pleasing intricacies intervene,

No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,

Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees,
With here a fountain, never to be play'd,

And there a summer-house, that knows no shade,
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;

There Gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,

And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mein,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:

VER. 122. The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnans*,
and *Gladiator moriens*.

But

But soft---by regular approach---not yet---
 First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat,
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes. 130

His study ! with what authors is it stor'd ?
 In books, not authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round,
 These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound.
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good, 135
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
 For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of prayer : 140
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n,
 On painted cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie, 145
 And bring all paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall : 150
 The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.

VER. 144. Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windfor, Hampton court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

VER. 147. This is a fact, a reverend Dean preaching at court, threatned the finner with punishment in " a place which he thought it not decent to name before so polite an assembly. "

EP. IV. ETHIC EPISTLES.

912

Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb,
 A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state, 155
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
 Between each act the trembling falvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king. 160
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate :
 Treated, caref'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill, 165
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed ;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
 The lab'rer bears : what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies. 170

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvests bury all his pride has plan'd,
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil ?
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like
 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence, [BOYLE,
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or make his neighbours glad, if he increase ; 180

VER. 153. *Is this a dinner ? &c.*] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where the pride destroys the ease, and the formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

VER. 158. *Sancho's dread doctor.*] See Don Quixote, Vol. iv. Chap. 6.

When

Whose chearful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil ;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
 The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show, 185
 But future buildings, future navies, grow ;
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town.
 You to proceed ! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair, 190
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
 'Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,
 Bid harbours open, public ways extend, 195
 Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend,

VER. 193, 195, &c. *Till kings---Bid harbours open.*
 The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expence in the private works of great men, comes to those great and publick works which become a prince. This poem was published at the time when some of the new churches built by the act of queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded on boggy land, and others vilely executed thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. when Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; when the proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against, and rejected; when many of the high-ways throughout England were hardly passab'e, and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes made jobbs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrances of London itself. At this time there had been an uninterrupted peace in Europe for above twenty years.

EP. IV. ETHIC EPISTLES.

93

Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main ;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land :
These honors, peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

200

The End.

Book IV. The History of the

100

And the broad north the dark'ous flood contain;
The noise projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command;
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
These honors, peace to happy Britain bring;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

The End

THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.
D. O. M.

FATHER of All ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet

96 THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe :

If I am right, oh teach my heart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, Thy Grace impart
To find that better way :

Save me alike from foolish pride,

Or impious discontent
At ought Thy wisdom has deny'd,

Or ought Thy goodness lent,

Teach me to feel another's woe ;

To hide the fault I see ;

That mercy I to others show,

So that mercy show to me,

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,

Since quicken'd by thy breath,

Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,

Thro' this day's life or death

This day, be bread and peace my lot :

All else beneath the sun

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,

And let Thy will be done,

To Thee, whose temple is all space,

Whose altar, earth, sea, fiend,

One chorus let all being raise

All nature's voice unite

The End.